

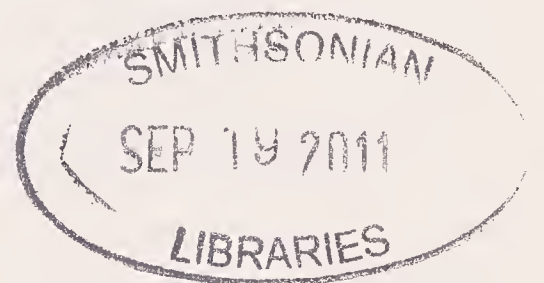
SPOTS & STRIPES



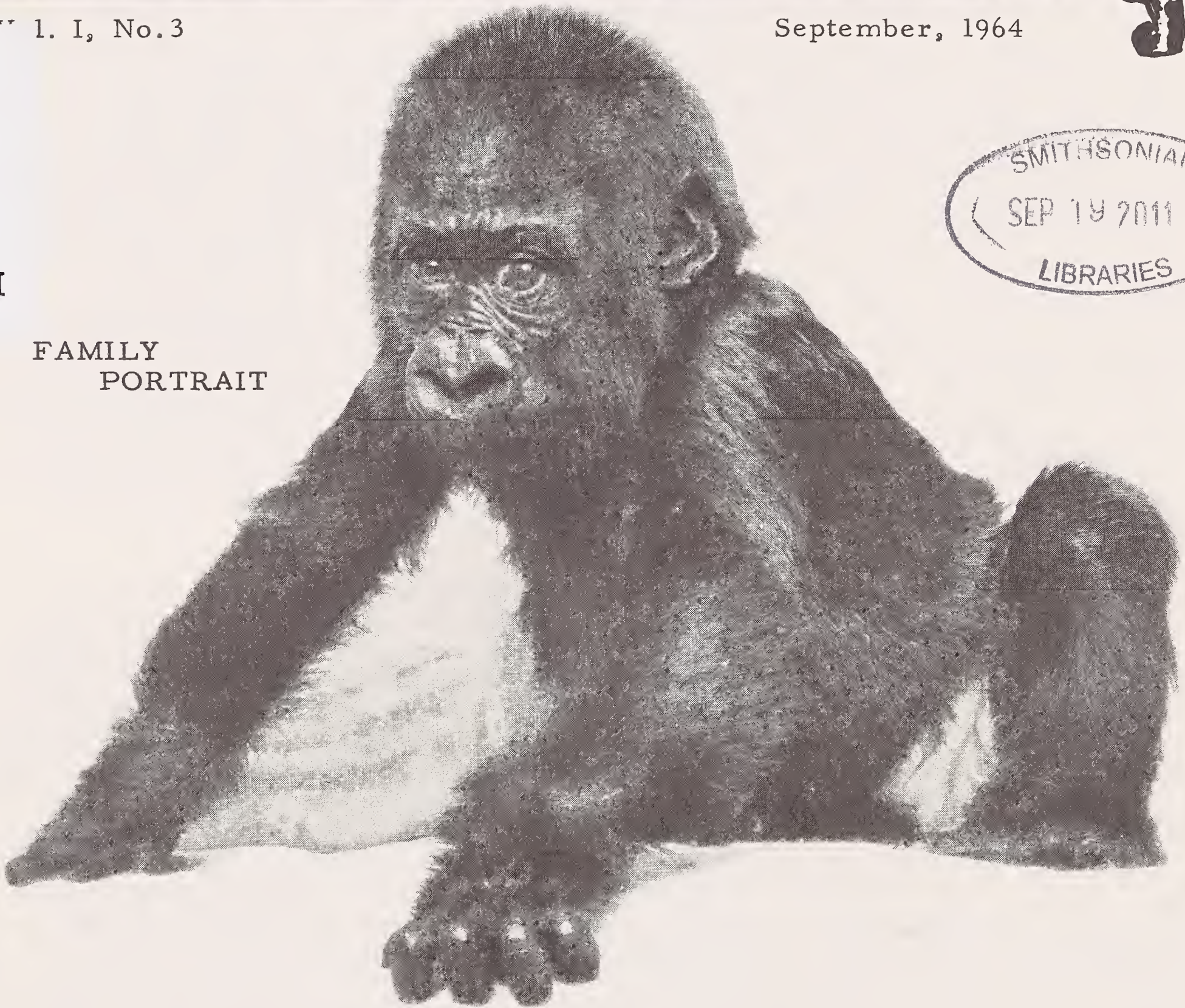
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FAMILY
PORTRAIT



Leonard gorilla, eight months old this September, had some misgivings and was earsplittingly vocal about them one fine August afternoon when he was first introduced to the nursery-pink walls of his new apartment in the Zoo. Having been nursed through infancy at the home of Zookeeper Bernard Gallagher and his wife, thriving on care that would befit a newborn prince, Leonard believes he's people.

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THE FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL ZOO
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Little Leonard brings the National Zoo's gorilla population to four, a rare collection. Only Switzerland's Basel Zoo has equalled us in the achievement of having two young born in captivity. At this rate, however, they will not rival us much longer.

To begin the story of four gorillas would mean going far back in time to the long era of hopes and maybes. Or it could start with the promise made by my father, Russell M. Arundel, to his long-time friend Dr. William Mann to present a pair of lowland gorillas to the Zoo. Long tedious negotiations at length won permissions from the French government to secure and bring back a pair of them from French Equatorial Africa.

Thus, early in 1956, my brother, Arthur (Nick) Arundel found himself in Brazzaville, then the capital of French Equatorial Africa, tusseling with a pair of silky-haired coal-black youngsters which were growing more clingingly affectionate by the moment. Nick, now a Board Member of the Friends of the National Zoo, was then on leave from the Marine Corps. Little in his bachelor background had prepared him to administer bottles and play nursemaid. But he managed well, feeding them while he mulled a weightier problem. Brazzaville, a little throw of Paris in the tropics, lay just across the Congo River from Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo. The gorillas were scheduled to leave shortly via Sabena Airlines from Leopoldville. But neither bridge nor scheduled boat connected the two cities. Bribery at last secured a boat to ferry them across. . . in the dead of night. Frightened baby gorillas, quieted occasionally with a bottle, clung to the familiar khaki shirt as the little boat bobbed its way across the swift black Congo waters to where the lights of Leopoldville glowed in the warmth of the tropical night. A helpful Belgian game warden awaited on the other bank.

Sabena flew Nick and his charges northward to Brussels, where an overnight stop was necessary. Bitter February cold gripped northern Europe. This part of the story I remember well. I was by coincidence in Brussels at the time, clutching a telegram which read, simply, "You may expect twins on Tuesday. Nick." Those of us awaiting the precious cargo were desperately worried about the danger of exposing the tropical babes to sudden cold weather. But the nearby Antwerp Zoo turned to, offered staff and facilities for the risky stopover. The Zoo Director himself rushed a heated truck to the airport, bulldozed past protesting, printed-form-waving Belgian immigration officials to snatch the two baby gorillas from the airliner almost as soon as the propellers stopped turning. Through driving sleet the truck rushed to heated quarters at the Antwerp Zoo. There, warm and carefully watched, the youngsters spent the night, and Nick took advantage of the relief shift to sleep for a few hours.

The rest of the story of Moka and Nikumba's arrival in Washington, their transfer to the same pink cage now occupied by offspring Leonard, is Zoo history.

The National Zoo has spared no effort to keep its gorillas well and contented. There have been troubled times and sleepless nights along with the triumphs. The most serious crisis was Nikumba's serious illness a year ago that threatened to leave him paralyzed. Taut faces from one end of the Zoo to the other showed the worry and strain, along with the urgent questions constantly asked by everyone from the Director to the gardeners. . . "Any news?" Happily Nikumba, as we know, recovered.

On September 9, 1961 Moka and Nikumba produced their first young, a healthy son, Tomoka. That was when the Bernard Gallagher household first became a gorilla nursery, stocked with snowy diapers, sterilized bottles and alarm clocks set for 2 a.m. Tomoka had the happy fortune to arrive almost simultaneously with a chimpanzee offspring named Lulu. They were raised side by side and today still swing about their cage together, with Tomoka fully believing himself to be a chimpanzee. On and on he goes, hand over hand, desperately attempting the blithe and offhand role although heft, physique and in-born temperament object to the gymnastics.

The newest family member, little Leonard, has a mind of his own. He's bigger than Tomoka was at the same age, heavier and brassier. Despite the beguiling baby eyes that gaze from above the flannel security blanket, he's a powerful tot. I watched him the second day he was put into his future Zoo home. The rear cage door opened. Someone tossed in a large orange ball. A red rubber owl followed, then a yellow fish. Finally, with no small amount of struggling, in came Leonard in his brown-checked shirt and brown pants. About sixty seconds of full-blown tantrum ensued. There's a lot of gorilla packed into that wee package, but Leonard, nonetheless, believes himself to be human, just as Tomoka thinks he's a chimpanzee.

I thought the family delusions ended there until at length I left the younger generation to watch Nikumba and Moka. Moka, maybe because mothers must perforce be realists, was busy with normal large-ape occupations. But Nikumba sat hunched in the doorway between the inside and the outdoor cage, the better to keep a stern and somewhat brooding eye upon both building and grounds. The chilling truth dawned on me. . . . "Good Lord, he thinks he's a zoo director!"

J. A.

STEPHEN HAWEIS

Thirty-five years ago one of the most familiar figures around the Zoo was a slight, black-haired, dark-eyed, aquiline-featured English artist, Stephen Haweis. He had been a member of the 1926 Smithsonian-Chrysler Expedition to East Africa, and spent several years in a big studio on the second floor of the administration building putting on canvas his vivid recollections of Tanganyika scenes. When the time came for some art work in the new bird house, Dr. Mann of course asked Stephen to design the entrance. Stephen agreed, but the District of Columbia, then as now, was short of funds for art, and could offer only enough money to cover the actual expense of the necessary art materials.

"Oh well," said Stephen, "what is money? I'll do it for fame." When the mosaic was finished and in place, Stephen discovered that fame consisted of having his name upside down, misspelled, and down in a corner where no one was apt to read it.

In the present course of remodeling the bird house, the entrance has been changed, and Stephen Haweis' door, instead of being on the outside of the building, will be one of the archways in the indoor flight cage.

For thirty years Stephen, who is now 85, has lived in Dominica, B.W.I., and from there he writes:

"I think your newsletter is exactly what people need — to find more points of contact between the human and the animal."

He continues with some of his "zoo philosophy:"

"Is there anything more irritating to a lover of animals than hearing about the 'poor creatures' in a zoo? The 'cruel' zoo which imprisons a wild animal in a cell when it is longing to wander free and admire the sunrise or sunset? But, in sorry fact, animals do not admire sunsets any more than most human beings do, who seldom are at much pains to go and look at them.

"The zoo animal is seldom seen at all when it's at home. Without the zoo, 98 per cent of the world would never see, or know what a tiger looks like unless he happens to have seen a skin used on the floor as a rug. . .

"Of course animals fear captivity, as we all fear any kind of change we do not understand. They fear a cage chiefly because they cannot get out to hunt their food. Since they cannot get out, how can food get in? And water? When it comes, they don't believe it. And then, they get what they want, but how can they suppose such a miracle can ever take place again?

"But the miracle does happen again, and the cage is kept clean. The food is good and sufficient, and there's no trouble to search for it. Here, there's never a poor day when they must go hungry. The cage begins to look like a home, or if not, then a very comfortable hotel where simple pleasures are encouraged and a daily program is provided for their amusement: ridiculous animals in a procession whose language is senseless noise.

"The zoo is the only bridge that exists between ourselves and a large number of animals of which we never heard before. Zoos provide the only kind of instruction which teaches a little sympathy to humankind, who would otherwise slaughter them with a feeling of having done a good deed. Once you have made a friend of a wild animal, you never want to kill another of the same kind for fun."

L. Q. M.

S.F.F.

The next time you're in the reptile house, stop by the middle section and see, if you can, the two prize king cobras (Ophiophagus hannah) — King and Princess Tut. 'Though their names belie their country of origin (the snakes are Asian), they are truly regal. The Tuts, who inhabit separate cages, are, like most snakes, sensitive to being stared at, so they are most likely to be found lying coiled behind a log or in their little private side chambers. If stretched out, King Tut would be approximately the same length as the big croc (16 feet) and Princess, about 10.

When they were purchased in 1962, King went on a hunger strike, that lasted, relatively speaking, for nearly a year. During that time, he accepted only 5 food snakes of 3 species for a total of 17 snake-feet of food. During the same period, Princess managed 26 snakes of 6 species for 102 and 1/2 s.f.f. As of June, she has consumed 233.9 s.f.f., but King is catching up and is now at 169 s.f.f. Until they are both thoroughly stuffed, however, there continues to be some risk in putting them together.

J. McC.

NICKY'S NEWS

If you think SPOTS & STRIPES is the first newsletter ever published by some firm friends of the National Zoo, you're dead wrong. Circa 1938, a small but popular publication-about-town was NICKY'S NEWS. Circulation? Undoubtedly select. The editor-in-chief of this erstwhile periodical was FONZ Board-member Arthur (Nicky) Arundel, then age 9. His sister Jocelyn (SPOTS & STRIPES' talented feature-writer) was woman's editor. Underneath the masthead the paper's platform stood out bold and brave — via red "tipewrighter" ribbon

Two giraffes for the Zoo
Longer recesses
Children over eight to be given bicycles
Zoo needs a new restaurant very bad so lets get it very quick

Back in those days Zoo construction was getting a lot of publicity. Here's the way NICKY'S NEWS, A Good Little Paper, put it:

"The needed quick Zoo Restaurant should be rebuilt and put up a bran new one. Because every time it rains the water leaks through the top and than all of the popcorn is ruined and the keepers cant tell witch is the ruined popcorn and they sell it too.there custom-ers and they feed it too the girrafes and make them get a soar throat and that would be to bad because then they could get nomonia and die and then the children of Washington would start getting tuberculosouse so you can see how much the Zoo needs a new res-taurant. It needs to be much bigger too because on Sunday the store is so jammed through that you can hardly breath. The editor in chief wrote to the head of the WPA and he wrote back that the Treasury was empty and that it would be quite a while before they would be able to spend some money on the Zoo. Somebody get us a new one quick."

The country had its fiscal traumas in the good old days to — I mean too:

"The radio says the treasury is emty and they must get money for all this farm stuff. Allso for the restaurant at the zoo. Here is the way it is the daddies pay the money to the treasury and the president spend the money and pretty soon it is emty.

"These people should send some money to Nicky's News quick. Dont send to much money send about forty cents. Mr. Wenger, Mr. Mac Donald, Mr Ely, Mrs. Sandlin, Mr Smith, Miss Joyce, Bobby Owens, Sen. Ashurst, Sen. Magill. Bill Hard paid this week. Mrs. Kelly had better pay quick.

"SUBSCRIBE NOW YOU MAY BE TOO LATE IF
YOU DON'T
ALSO SEND THE MONEY"

Hmmmmmm. Times haven't changed much, have they?

M.P. McC.

MONKEY'S OUT!

Behind the lion house there's a large open-air cage, and on a bitterly cold day one December a naked baby gibbon was born. It hardly seemed possible that such an undressed baby could long survive, but the mother kept it close, and the baby thrived. In that cage there are four adults gibbons and, as it had been some time since there was a baby to contemplate, all of the adults took a great deal of interest in it. Baby didn't exactly become a "spoiled brat" but it had definite tendencies in that direction.

The first summer of its life, baby discovered the outside world by slipping through the bars to investigate low-hanging branches. Mother tolerated the hooky playing and just looked on benignly as the baby got increasingly braver and the range between it and the cage widened — to the delight of the visitors.

Eventually the world of the overhanging branch became too limited and, during the second summer of its life, small sorties were made to examine a bit more of the world. Curiosity finally led to the cage next door where the olive baboons live. Some of the baboons sought to drive off the interloper. Others tried to catch it, but baby gibbon was always just out of reach. Teasing the neighbors got to be a daily ritual.

Meanwhile, phones all over the Zoo jangled as visitors (some reluctantly) reported that a monkey had gotten out of its cage! But unfortunately, the show had to end, for we realized that if baby was bold enough to antagonize the baboons, the next step would be our visitors, possibly a small child who might be badly frightened. So with a certain degree of sadness, smaller mesh wire was put on the gibbon cage, and now the only ones the baby can tease are the indulgent aunts and uncles and the ever-loving mother.

B.E.H.

PERSONNEL

Third issue and we're down to third in command,

Assistant to the Director, Travis Fauntleroy, Jr.

Quietly and efficiently heading up the Administrative Services Department of the Zoo is Travis Fauntleroy. Under his direction come the administrative and operational services that support all the functions of the NZP. This includes personnel, mechanical shops, police, grounds, and other services divisions. Mr. Fauntleroy came to the Zoo in 1946, and he is a master and a pro at ironing out the horrendous red tape of civil service regulations and (to me) that infathomable epitome of complications, The Budget — all of which come under his experienced hand. With problems along these lines we all go running to Travis. His patience and equanimity in dealing with unsurmountables gives us all moral support.

In a recent emergency, Travis helped Ted Reed sew up a badly bleeding monitor, and we discovered some hidden talents. Threading needles like a pro, Travis made a fine assistant surgeon. Medicine missed a good man!

M. P. McC.

June is a traumatic time for anyone in Government. It's the end of the fiscal year. Budgets must be balanced, and due is the formal ANNUAL REPORT—a monumental task that (here in the Zoo) just naturally falls heir to the talents of SPOTS & STRIPES Editor, Lucy Mann. This year, in a fit of whimsy, she gives gives you her condensed version of the 1964 REPORT.

Births

In fiscal nineteen sixty-four
A gorilla was born, and what is more
Mohini had her cubs one night,
And two were yellow and one was white.
Of pygmy hippos we now have seven
And wood ducks, more than one-eleven.

Gifts

The Grimmers went on an Assam safari
And flew back home with Rajkumari.
Ted Reed to the Far East pulled his wagon
And came back home with a real live dragon.

Purchases

We bought a dicky-bird or two
And dickered for a kangaroo;
We purchased several lovely cats
And a baker's doz. of big fruit bats.

Information & Education

Info. and Ed. — nuff sed.

Maintenance, Construction & Grounds

And when you hear those crashing sounds,
The trees are being felled by Grounds.
We'll have to see they put some more in
To satisfy the Kennedy-Warren.

Visitors

On visitors I'll fill ya' in on
A record mob of five-plus million.
To those who doubt or think us brash,
Come help clean up the Sunday trash.

Finances

(Let the Budget Analyst do this;
I have no head for figures.)

Report of the Veterinarian

Clint Gray reports on all he's done
With vitamins and Cap-Chur gun.

L.Q.M.

MORE FROM THE DAILY ANIMAL REPORTS

Rewa ate her liver but not her slab meat on Friday. (She didn't eat her liver she ate the liver that was given her!) On Saturday she was given chunk meat and she ate all of that.

At 6:15 p.m. Nightkeeper Ratliff got a call from the NZP Police saying that a woman had called them and reported a hyena on the prowl in the vicinity of 16th and Harvard Streets (anyone we know?) but a thorough check of our hyenas found them all at home.

L. Schmeltz had the index finger of his left hand bitten by a caiman while he was siphoning the tank. The NZP Police rendered first aid. The caiman is still alive.

Great blue heron picked up by Nightkeeper Robertson and Officer Smith, NZP Police, from a private home after receiving a call at 9:00 p.m. saying there was a stork or crane or something in the yard.

Keeper Lee Schmeltz was called to the Columbia Road and 16th Street area by the Metropolitan Police due to a traffic pile-up which evolved when some people riding merrily along in their car noticed a beady-eyed snake peering up at them from between the bucket seats. The occupants of the car boiled out, leaving their car to block traffic. Keeper Schmeltz retrieved a garter snake, and thereupon the spectators drifted off and the owner of the car drove off and traffic eventually got un-snarled.



THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING
of
THE FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL ZOO
will be held on
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1964
at 5:30 p.m.
at the
ZOO PARK RESTAURANT

The business of the meeting will include, in addition to the usual annual reports, the consideration of a new Constitution for the organization. A draft of this new Constitution, in accordance with the present By-laws, is enclosed. The changes it involves include a provision that our organizational year coincide with the calendar year, which is advisable for record-keeping purposes. This would involve election of officers in January, rather than at this time, and accordingly the present officers have agreed to serve for the additional three months involved if the new Constitution is adopted.

THE FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL ZOO
Take Great Pleasure
In Announcing That We Have
Been Invited To
A SPECIAL PREVIEW OF THE NEW BIRD EXHIBIT AREA
and
THE NEWLY RENOVATED
BIRD HOUSE

To be held immediately after the Annual Meeting

Contributors to this issue of SPOTS & STRIPES: Jocelyn Arundel, Marion McCrane, Jean McConville, Sybil (Billie) Hamlet. Editor: Lucile Q. Mann.

Cover picture: Leonard C. gorilla at six months of age. Smithsonian Institution photo.
